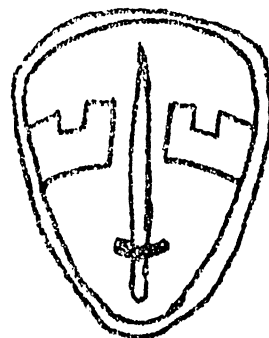
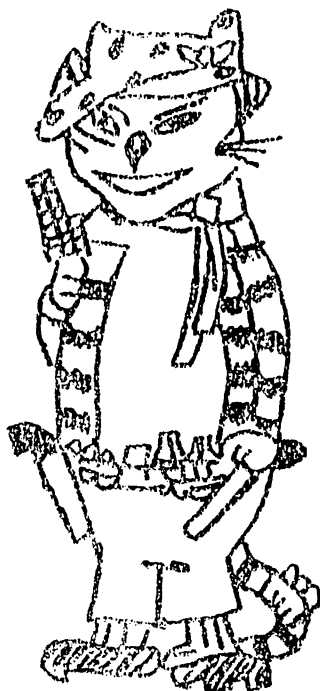
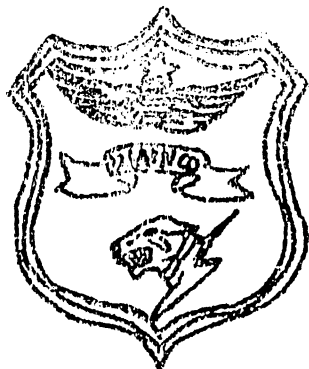


# 121<sup>ST</sup> AVIATION COMPANY

(AIR MOBILE LIGHT)

"TIGER TUNES"



HOME OF  
THE SELF TRANSE  
TIGERS

SOVIET TIGERS  
SONG SHEET

I AP BAC

TUNE: (On Top of Old Smokey)

- Verse 1. We were called into Tan Hiep  
On January Two  
We would never have gone there  
If we'd only know
2. We were supporting the ARVNS  
A group without guts  
Attacking a village  
Of straw covered huts
3. A ten copter mission  
A hundred troop load  
Three lifts are now over  
A fourth on the road
4. The VC's start shooting  
They fire a big blast  
We off load the ARVANS  
The sit on their ass
5. One copter is crippled  
Another sits down  
Attempting a rescue  
Now there is two on the ground
6. A Huey returns now  
To give them some aid  
The VC's are so accurate  
They shoot off a blade
7. Four Pilots are wounded  
Two Crewmen are dead  
When its all over  
A good day for the Red
8. They lay in the paddy  
All covered with slime  
A Hell of a sun bath  
Eight hours at a time
9. An armored Battalion  
Just stayed in a trance  
One Captain died trying  
To make them advance
10. The paratroops landed  
A magnificent sight  
There was hand to hand combat  
But no VC's in sight
11. When the news was reported  
The ARVANS had won  
The VC's are laughing  
Over their captured guns
12. All pilots take warning  
When tree lines are near  
Let's land those darn copters  
One mile to the rear

Oh come to South Viet Nam and fly with us we say you never do a lick of work just chase VCs all day. While other fliers fat cat and live sixty, you'll take to the air without a care and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind  
You'll never mind  
Oh come to South Viet Nam  
And you will never mind

You're flying in your Fox-nine-teen just marking targets you say. You roll in on a VC hut this is your lucky day. Your rockets armed, you press in close the trigger you do squeeze. The goddam thing blows off your wing you are heading for the trees. (CHORUS)

You're flying in your U-T-T (Armed Hue) along a VC flank. You take a hit, you get some more you wish you had a tank. The rotors gone the engines quit you are behind VC lines. No one escorts your body back but you will never mind. (CHORUS)

You're flying in you H-3-4 (H MM) to an eight thousand foot LZ. You've got ten men and you must hover a piece of cake you see. You hover for a moment then crash on VC ground, the "O" Club has free drinks tonight but you won't be around. (CHORUS)

You roll in on your dive bomb run you hear an awful tear. Your twenty six (B-26) ain't got no wings, it really isn't fair, but passing through those pearly gates another pair you'll find. You'll be with Pete and his Angles ~~sweet~~ and you will never mind. (CHORUS)

You rack your mighty T-Two-Eight (T-28) in for your final pass. Your ~~not today you can not miss you'll never bust your ass~~. You press in close you can't pull out, you hit just like a rock. You weren't shart and screwed it up, you hit at 6 O'Clock. (CHORUS)

Your flying in your One Two Three to make a paradrop. You get too low and you are too slow a mountain you can't top. At military power you hit a low speed stall, now you won't be with your buddies when they rotate back this fall. (CHORUS)

Your resupplying air strips in your Caribou. The next one has seven hundred feet, this is no sweat for you, you make your touch down long and just a little hot, you tiptoe through the tulies your wreckage marts the spot. (CHORUS)

You're flying in a Mohawk attracting VC fire you wish they'd do some shooting, this boredom makes you tire. They open up with fifties and blow your ship to hell. The Martin Baker doesn't work but you will never tell. (CHORUS)

You're flying in your Gooneybird, your ass is getting tired. The pilots sick the V-NAFs quit your ~~sup~~ you'll soon be fired the engines are so damed noisy but soon the sound is gone the air speeds lost the ground comes up you won't be around for long. (CHORUS)

The U Ten B is a mighty bird made like a Cadillac. The Air Force heard and passed the word the big loads you can't hack. The cross winds are very tricky the gear is mighty slim, you'll go round and round when you touch the ground, your sure to spin right in.